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On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "I Was a Teen-age Dwarf", "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis", etc.)

"THE SLOW RUSH"

Illustrated below is the membership pin of a brand-new national fraternity called Sigma Phi Nothing. To join Sigma Phi Nothing and get this hideous membership pin absolutely free, simply take a pair of scissors and cut out the illustration and paste it to your donkey.

Let me hasten to state that I do not recommend your joining Sigma Phi Nothing. The only thing I recommend in this column is Marlboro cigarettes, as any honest man would who likes a filtered cigarette with an unfiltered taste, who yearns to settle back and enjoy a full-flavored smoke, whose heart is quickened by a choice of soft pack or flip-top box and who gets paid every week for writing this column.

It is difficult to think of any reason why you should join Sigma Phi Nothing. Some people, of course, are joiners by nature; if you are one such I must tell you there are any number of better organizations than Sigma Phi Nothing for you to join—the Mafia, for example.

But if you should join Sigma Phi Nothing, let me give you several warnings. First off, it is the only fraternity that admits girls. Second, there is no pledge period; each new member immediately goes active. Perhaps "inactive" is a more accurate term; there are no meetings, no drives, no campaigns, no sports, no games, no dues, no grip, and no house.

The only thing Sigma Phi Nothing has that other fraternities have is a fraternity hymn. In fact, two hymns were submitted

to a recent meeting of the national board of directors (none of whom attended). The first hymn goes:

Hatcha, hoop-hoop-a-doop,
Mather's making blubber soup.

The second hymn is considerably longer:

A Guernsey's a cow,
A roof is a hare,
When you're eating chow,
Remember the mess!

Pending the next meeting of the national board of directors, which will never be held, members are authorized to sing either hymn. Or, for that matter, *Stardust.*

Perhaps you are asking why there should be such a fraternity as Sigma Phi Nothing. I will give you an answer—an answer with which you cannot possibly disagree. *Sigma Phi Nothing fills a well-needed gap.*

Are you suffering from mental health? Is logic distorting your thinking? Is ambition encroaching on your native sloth? Are your long-cherished misapprehensions retreating before a sea of facts? In short, has education caught up with you?

If so, congratulations. But tell the truth—wouldn't you like to make an occasional visit back to the good old days when you were just as wise and ignorant and industrious—when you were, in fact, nuttier than a fruitcake?

If you pine for those old familiar minuses, those dear, dead vapors, join Sigma Phi Nothing and renew, for a fleeting moment, your acquaintance with futility. We promise nothing, and, by George, we deliver it!

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We, the makers of Marlboro, promise smoking pleasure and we think you'll think we deliver it—both from Marlboro and from our new unfiltered king-size Philip Morris Commander. Welcome aboard!

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